

town, but is not certain on his present information. Should the enemy be retreating, he will pursue by the way of Emmitsburg and Middleburg, on his flank. This army has been very much reduced by the casualties of the service, and the General would be glad to have you join him.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 5, 1863; 5:30 a. m.

To GEN. W. F. SMITH.

The General directs me to say that he is holding on here in a state of uncertainty as to the enemy's movement and intentions. His reconnaissance and scouts will, he trusts, furnish him. Meanwhile he considers that your position is precarious in the direction in which you are going, as you are out of the reach of his support. Your reinforcements to this army would be a valuable one, and would be appreciated.

DAN'L. BETTERBACH,
Major-General, Chief of Staff.

A dispatch dated Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Gettysburg, July 5, 1863, 5 p. m., to Gen. W. F. Smith, and signed George G. Meade, Major-General



GEN. W. F. SMITH.

commanding, reads: "One of your messengers that arrived this p. m. I sent back, asking you to come forward in person, as I should like to see you."

Gen. Smith made the following endorsement on this dispatch: "I had sent Capt. West entirely around the rebel army to tell Meade where I was, and that I proposed to put myself on the turnpike in Lee's rear, not knowing then that the battle was over. I should have been two days earlier, and then such a move would have been of great service, even if the militia had been

VERY ROUGHLY HANDLED, which would probably have been the case."

At Newmarket's Gap our Colonel (Aspinwall) rode in with Gen. Smith and his staff to the battlefield, some seven or eight miles distant, and saw the ground on which one of the most decisive battles of the world had been fought, and where the future of the American Republic was decided for all time; but most of the participants had gone, leaving but the wounded and the dead.

At this place we came very near to being detailed to Gettysburg village, according to the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 6, 1863.

To GEN. W. F. SMITH.

The Major-General commanding directs that you proceed at once to Gettysburg, so as to protect the hospitals of our own and the enemy's wounded.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG,
July 6, 1863.

GEN. W. F. SMITH.

DEAR FRIEND: Your orders to stop here are to provide for any contingencies for a day or so, and Gen. Meade wishes very much for you to follow on and join him as soon as developments allow no necessity for a force here, which is even now apparent, but not so when the order was sent to you. We at the Potomac, with the way you behaved at Carlisle. It was a great help to us. We have made this place a great subject of mention to Southern pride. I hope you are well, and that I can see you soon.

G. C. WARREN.

Newman's Gap, July 7, 1863, 2:30 a. m. Smith's dispatch to S. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General, says: "I will proceed at once to Gettysburg."

July 7, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, A. Pleasonton, Major-General, Acting Chief of Staff, sends the following dispatch to Gen. W. F. Smith: "Continue the pursuit and join the Army of the Potomac at Middleburg."

And so we got rid of the undesirable guard duty at Gettysburg and participated with the army in the

PURSUIT OF LEE until he had recrossed the Potomac on the 13th of July. And so we marched to Altoona and then to Waynesboro, where, on July 8, we met Lee's Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, and McIntosh's cavalry, who had been sent by Meade as a light brigade to harass the enemy's rear via Fairfield. Neil had pushed the enemy at every point, and had captured many prisoners and stragglers. He turned over the direction of his command to Gen. Smith, who was his superior officer, and the two commands continued the pursuit together.

From Waynesboro we marched to Leithersburg, then to Cavertown, Hagerstown, Egeton, and Williamsport. On July 14 Lee had gotten safely over the swollen Potomac and the campaign was over. On July 15 we heard of the terrible draft riots in New York, and as some of the disturbances had been in the neighborhood of our home (in some instances over very stores had been sacked), the news produced great anxiety and excitement, and a desire to get back to New York, now that the "great invasion" was over, and to our great satisfaction we received the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 15, 1863.

Special Order, No. 190.

The troops comprising the command of Brig. Gen. W. F. Smith are relieved from further service with the Army of the Potomac, and will report to Maj. Gen. Couch for instructions. The Major-General commanding thanks Brig. Gen. Smith and his troops for their zeal and promptness, which, amid so little provision, have marked their efforts to render this army all the assistance in their power; especially commends the conduct of the officers and men that participated in Gen. Kilpatrick's engagement with the enemy on the 13th inst.

By command of Maj. Gen. Meade,
S. WILLIAMS, Asst. Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, DEPARTMENT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA,
July 15, 1863.

Special Order, No. 1.

Brig. Gen. John Egan will take command of all the New York troops in this division, and proceed with them to Frederick, Md., at which point transportation will be furnished them to New York City.

In parting with them, the General Commanding must express his admiration of the courage and fortitude with which they have

stood the trials and privations of their late marches.

By order of Brig. Gen. W. F. Smith,
PHESTER C. WEST, Asst. Adjutant-General.

The troops comprising the First Division, Department of the Susquehanna, were

MOSTLY NEW YORK TROOPS, as will be seen by the following report:

First Brigade—8th, 71st, and 68th N. Y. Militia; Second Brigade—13th and 28th N. Y. Militia; Third Brigade—23d, 52d, and 56th N. Y. Militia; Fourth Brigade—11th, 22d, and 37th N. Y. Militia; Fifth Brigade—28th, 32d, and 33d Pa. Militia; Sixth Brigade—27th and 31st Pa. Militia; two companies of cavalry; Landis's battery, six pieces, and Miller's battery, four pieces. This was an aggregate of 6,723 men and 10 pieces of artillery.

We proceeded joyfully from Boonesboro to Frederick, a distance of 25 miles, on one of the hottest days in that hot month of July. At Frederick we were detained a whole day without proper rations, awaiting transportation. We finally packed us in freight cars, and we arrived in New York on July 18, being enthusiastically received by the authorities and our friends; but we were not allowed to go to our homes, but were kept under arms at our army for fear of the renewal of the draft riots. The next day we were sent to the State Arsenal and then to the Reservoir, where we did guard duty until Aug. 1, when we were finally discharged and mustered out of the United States service.

And so ended our short but

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VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN.

Every credit is due to those citizens of New York who, at a moment's notice, left their offices, banks, stores and workshops. Bidding good-by to family and friends, in a few hours were on their way to help drive back the rebel hordes that had invaded Pennsylvania. These citizen soldiers were fully uniformed at their own expense, as the State had not as yet adopted the measure of furnishing militia with uniforms. They spent much of their private means for subsistence and supplies that the Government, in the excitement of the time, could not supply at once and on demand.

The advance force of Gen. Smith—the 22d and 37th N. Y. S. M., of which this sketch is mostly a history—had left their tents and supplies at Bridgeport on the morning of June 28, when they went on a reconnaissance, expecting to return, but they were ordered on, and these tents and camp equipment did not reach us again until we were about to return to New York on July 17.

It had been a 30 days' campaign of a constant, active movement; it was march and march; every day a day of excitement and skirmishing. We did not cover many miles in a day, for the nature of the roads on the South Mountain would not admit of it—in fact, most of the roads were mere paths of mud and stone. At night these citizen soldiers lay down to sleep in mud and rain.

LIKE VETERANS, and many of them were, having had experience in 1861 and 1862; and within a few months many of them had enlisted again and gone to the front to take part in the Wilderness, Petersburg and Appomattox.

All the Union troops of whatever branch of service are deserving of the greatest honors in helping to achieve the glorious victory of immortal Gettysburg, the great battle that demonstrated that the Union soldier was at least the equal in bravery and prowess with his Confederate brethren. And Gettysburg was the beginning of the end. In fact, many now believe that the rebellion should have been finished there and then, and that the whole of Lee's army should have been destroyed, captured, or dispersed; and had our Generals the knowledge then as they have now of the weakness of the rebels, they would have pushed the pursuit more vigorously and destroyed them before they could have fortified at Williamsport, and thus keep us at bay until they crossed the Potomac again. But, however the opinions may be, Lee was allowed to run away and to fight several more severe battles.

The Government at the time acknowledged the meritorious services of these emergency troops, as can be seen by the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1863.

General Order, No. 159.

The Adjutant-General will provide appropriate medal of honor for the troops who, after the battle of Gettysburg, have rendered services to the Government in the present emergency, and also for the volunteer troops from other States that have volunteered their temporary service in the State of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

By order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

In accordance with this promise, the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives at the last session reported favorably a resolution requesting the President to have such a medal made and presented to the surviving members of the troops designated, about 10,000. The report of the committee came up for adoption, but some objection being made to its consideration at that time, it went over, and was on the calendar of the House when Congress adjourned. It is to be hoped that the coming Congress will pass this bill to fulfill the promises of the Government made when they were in dire distress and when so many hesitated.

Prehistoric Footprints.

Captain E. O. Hill, the scholarly hermit resident of Ball Creek, Mo., who for several years has taken much interest in the geological features of that section of the Ozarks, reports having discovered in the rocky bed of a little stream near his dwelling the footprints of some prehistoric people. The tracks are imbedded in what the Captain calls old volcanic limestone, and they appear to have been made by three persons—a man, a woman and a child. The feet were entirely bare when the impressions were made in the plastic substance which has since become stone, and every toe mark is perfect to day.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

COLIN'S NIGHT OF TRIAL

Colin Stone sat on the front porch with his chair tipped back against the railing. He was smoking and watching in a happy, contemplative way, the wreaths that curled up from the bowl of his long-stemmed pipe.

Lucy, his wife, came to the door and stood there, with a hand on each side of the frame, shifting idly from one foot to the other. Her slim figure lent itself pliantly to attitudes of careless ease that would have looked clumsy and awkward in most people. She had a clear, flower-like face, with small, irregular features; clear blue eyes, and a mouth of light red, lying upon her head in loose, curly curls. The color in her lips was deep and rich, and there was a fresh tinge of red in her cheeks, with here and there a freckle.

"Colin," she said, "you ought to have seen Jacky chasing his little turkeys; he tried so hard to catch them, and he tripped and fell down, and he didn't cry a bit."

"Oh, he's a wonderful boy," said Colin, removing his pipe to laugh.

A little curly head was thrust between the mother's skirts and the door frame, and Jacky sent up a lament about the turkeys that had eluded him.

"No, no; you can't have them," said Lucy; "but come with mamma, and we'll put the turkeys to bed."

Colin's eyes followed the slender figure of his wife with the two-year-old boy trotting beside her, clutching his finger in the little feet stamping earnestly along the garden path.

Then he looked abroad. Spring was everywhere. It was a day of hope. A thrill of joy and pain passed through the man's heart. It was all so beautiful—so beautiful. The voices of his wife and child, prattling together in the sweet language of babyhood, came to him where he sat. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of Lucy's bright hair between the screen of leaves. He thought of the dark days when his life had been so intolerable that he had come near to ending it with his own hand.

"Suppose," he mused, "that I had done it, and it had been my punishment to look out of hell upon this?"

The thought made his heart tremble. He felt that he must thank God for his deliverance.

"Colin," called Lucy, "are you going for the mail this evening?"

"Why, yes; I had almost forgotten it."

"Well, don't forget to take my letter to Cousin Sabina. It is on the mantelpiece behind the blue vase."

Colin did not take Colin long to kiss Lucy and Jacky and get out on the road. It stretched before him, seeming endless, with a flat monotony that would have been maddening to an adventurous spirit; but to Colin it seemed the embodiment of placidity and sweet content.

Through the dusty cloud made by the broad-tired wheels he saw the figure of a woman approaching from the direction of the village, and it was not long before they met. She walked heavily, and her dress, once handsome, was shabby and powdered with dust. She paused, as if of glad of an excuse to stop.

"Can you tell me how far I am from Colin Stone's house?" she asked in a hoarse, broken voice.

They looked at each other as they spoke, and he saw a face that had once been beautiful, but was now worn and scored with a hundred vicious lines, the complexion coarse and mottled.

In a moment she said: "Oh, it's you!"

This was the wife he had believed dead for twelve years; the woman who had ruined his home, and whose English daisies and blue eyes, and the sturdy legs tramping so bravely after his mother. She thought of her own child, whose little feet had never learned to walk, and of her wild grief, as unreasoning and short-lived as that of an animal at its death. Something like a sob welled in her throat.

"If he had lived! Oh, my baby! I would have been a good woman," she murmured. The agony of mind was strong upon her as she turned away with an uneasy step.

Line after line of his years, and his boy's little housewife bustling about the room, lying on Jacky's apron and setting him in his high chair.

His gaze moved slowly over everything in the room—his favorite chair, the white curtains stirring softly in the wind, the settee upon which he had once sat, the fire on the floor, the fireplace filled with cedar boughs, and the high mantelpiece with the vases upon it, and the clock, whose busy ticking seemed to him like a voice that was hastening to the end of a story of old and weariness.

There was a picture he must fix in his mind, that he might have it before him in the years that were to come.

"I know what you are looking at, Colin," remarked Lucy, her eyes following the direction of his. "You are wondering what has become of the old man who used to be so fond of you, and who gave it to the puppy, and between them they tore it to pieces."

"I gave it to puppy," echoed Jacky, beating triumphantly on the table with his spoon until his mother imprisoned the puppy behind his mother's apron.

Colin essayed a smile with his dry lips. As he pushed back his chair and rose from the table, he said: "I forgot to tell you, Lucy, that I have to go across the river to-night to see Toland on business, and I shall be able to get back until to-morrow."

"Oh, Colin," cried Lucy, mournfully, "I hate so to have you stay out all night. I'm always afraid that something will happen to you—that I will never see you again."

"Well, I needn't go until—until 10 o'clock," Jacky, who was always unpleasantly wide awake at the evening, was allowed to sit up in honor of his father's unexpected departure. Lucy sat beside her husband with her hands clasped around his arm, talking in her simple way, but he scarcely heard her. His heart was full of the many things he wished to say to her before they parted forever, yet he dare not speak any last words. His despatch whenever the clock struck.

Presently he sprang to his feet, not daring to stay any longer.

"I must go, Lucy," he said.

"You'll be home early in the morning, won't you, Colin, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll come home early."

"And I must bring you a thicker coat to wear," added the thoughtful wife; "because it may turn chilly."

He took her in his arms and pressed her close against his heart. He looked at the bright hair lying upon his breast for the last time. Then he kissed the child, who glanced up carelessly and then went back to his playthings as his father passed out at the door.

But when Colin was half way down the garden path he suddenly returned.

"Have you forgotten anything, dear?" Lucy asked.

"My—my stick," he stammered.

"May be it's in the corner—why, you silly fellow, you have it under your arm," she laughed, her pretty face sparkling with smiles at his stupidity.

Colin stood in the middle of the room looking haggardly at home. He gave a second embrace to his wife, and without looking at Jacky he plunged out into the night.

Lucy held up Jacky at the door that he

Spring Medicine

Is so important that you should be sure to get THE BEST. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its unequalled merit by its thousands of remarkable cures, and the fact that it has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier shows the great confidence the people have in it. In fact it is the Spring Medicine. It cures all blood diseases, builds up the nervous and gives such strength to the whole system that, as one lady puts it, "It seemed to make me new."

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for your Spring Medicine do not buy any substitute. Be sure to get

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